toward Waltam ; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was inlarged by the earl of Warwicke, and placed in the throne again.

" George being come to Waltain, did ,his duty to his mistris, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George ; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there- To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this' manner: Mistris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meaner to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wicked-nesse hath purchased him ? Why George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature ? Be it whomsoever, might 1 be her judge, I thinlce her worthy of death. How thinkest thou ? 'Faith mistris, said he 1 think so to, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistris, you are this woman ; you have so offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I can not stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde wordes. (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering: aboundance of teares, she at last spake these words : And can it be, that my kindness and loving obedience hath merited no other re ward at his hands than death ? It cannot be. I know thou only tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. Tie tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes plea sant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so ? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did

consist ? Come, let
me die. Yet George, let me have so much favour at
thy hands,
as to commend me in these few words to him : Tell
him, my death
I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet
no otherwise
but by a "wife's obedience) ever since I called him
husband; but
that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I
utterly deny;
and doe, at this hour of *my* death, desire that
Heaven would pour
down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in
thought. In-
treat him that he would not speake aught that
were ill on mee,
when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved
none. Tray
Heaven blesse him; I am prepared now, strike
pr'ythee home*
and kill me and my griefes at once. „ , , /